

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

I see the centuries wax and wane.

I know their mystery of pain,

The secrets of the living fire,

The key of life: I live: I reign:

For I am master of desire.

Silent, I pass amid the folk

Caught in its mesh, slaves to its yoke.

Silent, unknown, I work and will

Redemption, godhead's master-stroke,

And breaking of the wands of ill.

No man hath seen beneath my brows

Eternity's exultant house.

No man hath noted in my brain

The knowledge of my mystic spouse.

I watch the centuries wax and wane.

Poor, in the kingdom of strong gold,

My power is swift and uncontrolled.

Simple, amid the maze of lies;

A child, among the cruel Old,

I plot their stealthy destinies.

So patient, in the breathless strife;

So silent, under scourge and knife;

So tranquil, in the surge of things;

I bring them from the well of Life,

Love, from celestial water-springs !

From the shrill fountain-head of God
 I draw out water with the rod
 Made luminous with light of power.
 I seal each aeon's period,
 And wait the moment and the hour.

Aloof, alone, unloved, I stand
 With love and worship in my hand.
 I commune with the Gods: I wait.
 Their summons, and I fire the brand.
 I speak their Word: and there is Fate.

I know no happiness, no pain,
 No swift emotion, no disdain,
 No pity: but the boundless light
 Of the Eternal Love, unslain,
 Flows through me to redeem the night.

Mine is a sad slow life: but I,
 I would not gain release, and die
 A moment ere my task be done.
 To falter now were treachery-----
 I should not dare to greet the sun !

Yet, in one hour I dare not hope,
 The mighty gate of Life may ope,
 And call me upwards to unite
 (Even my soul within the scope)
 With That Unutterable Light.

Steady of purpose, girt with Truth,

I pass, in my eternal youth,

And watch the centuries wax and wane:

Untouched by Time's corroding tooth,

Silent, immortal, unprofane !

My empire changes not with time.

Men's kingdoms cadent as a rime

Move me as waves that rise and fall.

They are the parts, that crash or climb;

I only comprehend the All.

I sit, as God must sit; I reign.

Redemption from the threads of pain

I weave, until the veil be drawn.

I burn the chaff, I glean the grain;

In silence I await the dawn.

ALBISTER CROWLEY